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MAINE FARMER.

Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man.
SUGAR OR MOLASSES FOR PRESERVING MEAT.

The season is approaching when farmers will commence slaughtering and laying down meat, such as beef and pork, for use during the coming year.

Almost every one has some rule by which he governs himself in this operation. The Editor of the Cultivator quotes from the "Montreal Witness" various rules for curing provisions, from which we extract the following in regard to the use of sugar or molasses in preserving meat.

"The use of sugar or molasses is gaining favor among packers, as preserving meat in a superior manner, having a finer flavor, keeping better and never becoming rancid, and however old, never excessively salt. It has been asserted on high medical authority, that the use of sugar in curing meat would prevent that fearful disease, sea-scurvy. It has been used in curing hams for a long period; indeed, a good flavored ham cannot be procured without it; but it is of the greatest importance in curing beef, which is to be kept any length of time, or which is required of a fine flavor. It is used in the first process along with the salt for dried provisions—say one pound of sugar, or one pint of molasses to four pounds of salt. With pickled meats it is used in the last process along with salt, to pack up the meat in the cask, say about half of each, sugar and salt."

In order that our readers may understand what is meant by first process and last process above named, we should say that the manner of curing is as follows: no salt-petre is used. First. The pieces must consist of beef, six pound pieces; of pork, four pound pieces. Second. The salt must be good, and if salt-petre is desired, but very little should be used. Third. The meat must be dry rubbed for three or four days, at least once a day, to extract a certain quantity of water, and to chemically alter the meat. Fourth. The meat must be put into pickle so as to cure it sufficiently; in this it should remain ten days, or until it is required to be packed. Fifth. It must be well washed with water; if necessary scraped or cut. Sixth. Packed away in barrels with coarse salt, and the package filled up with clean pickle. If they are to be dried or smoked the dry salt is enough.

DUCK RAISING.

Sometime since we received a communication from "Amicus," referring to our queries respecting the best mode of raising ducks. With some other papers it was mislaid until now. He thinks that one reason why ducklings, kept confined in a small place, with very little water, are generally sickly, is their being too well fed. They are killed with kindness. He suggests that, according to the experience of some who have been successful in this business, they will do much better if fed on potatoes boiled and mashed with bran and Indian meal, than if fed on meal alone, or some such concentrated food. Also, that a small pond of water is necessary, even though it be an artificial one. We have no doubt that they should have access to water. In the case with our ducklings last summer, there seemed to be a sort of brain fever. The feathers on one side of the head, and sometimes on both sides, would appear to be dry and stuck down to the skin, as if they had been pasted down with glue or gum. On wetting the head these would come into place, and remain for a short time; but the extra heat of the part would soon dry it, and give the feathers the same appearance again. Finding that they were all in a fair way to die in this manner, we took the old duck and what remained of her brood, carried them to a stream of water, threw them all in, and told them to *shirk* for themselves—"live or die, sink or swim." Such a quacking of joy and thanksgiving never arose from a duck pen before. There was any amount of fluttering and paddling and quacking and splashing and swimming and diving and spluttering the water in every direction, for more than an hour. All but two, which were too far gone when liberated, "made a live of it," and have now got to be grown up ducks, and as handsome as any dandies in duckdom.

There is, no doubt, danger of giving them, when first hatched, too much water; especially in the earlier part of the season, when the weather is cool and chilly. The young are in danger of becoming chilled through and dying. The domestic ducks which are commonly raised, are undoubtedly natives of warmer regions than ours, and being better fed than when in a wild state, lay and hatch their young earlier than the season will allow for successful rearing of them unless protected. We believe that the wild species of duck that breed in this vicinity, do not hatch out their broods until about the middle of June. It is natural for them to take most of their food under water, and nothing pleases the flock that we have better, than to have corn thrown into the brook, where the water is shall, for them to fish up, by plunging their heads under water, and sometimes standing on their heads when the water is so deep as to require it in reaching the grain. When they are fed in this way there is not much danger of "brain fever," if cold bathing is a preventive. Even when fed with a mash, made of corn and cob meal ground up and boiled with apples—a dish which they are very fond of, they will, after eating a short time, leave it and hasten to the water in order to drink and dip their heads in, and then return for another onset, and thus keep travelling back and forth until they have satisfied their



MAINE FARMER.

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appetites. We believe the best method of raising ducks, and in fact every thing else, is to let nature guide.

URINE OF ANIMALS.

Do our farmers, as a general thing, pay sufficient attention to the preservation of this valuable means of fertility? In how many instances do we find any efforts made to economize it, or render its great wealth available for the sustenance and support of crops. According to an English Agricultural author, the quantity of liquid manure produced in one year by a single cow, is equal to fertilizing one and one-fourth acres of ground, producing effects as permanent as do the solid excrements. A cord of soil, saturated with urine, is equal to a cord of the best rotted dung. If the liquor and the solid evacuations, including the litter, are kept separate, and soaking up the urine by loam, it has been found they will manure land, in proportion, by bulk, of seven liquid to six solid, while their actual value is as two to one. One hundred pounds of cow's urine, says our author, produce thirty-five pounds of the most powerful salts which have ever been used by farmers.

Can any one question the fact that by permitting the waste of this important article we greatly diminish our own available resources for agrestic enrichment. If the urine produced annually by our domestic animals, can be safely estimated at one half the value of the solid excrements—and if there be any reliance whatever to be placed on the results of chemical science, this is a very low appraisal—is it not worth saving? Most assuredly.

PEACHES.

This desirable fruit is now extensively cultivated in New England, especially in towns near the sea-board, and in the vicinity of large cities, where there is always a ready market for it at extravagant prices, when the same description of fruit from other States is scarcely saleable at any price. The peach tree is one of remarkably easy cultivation, having a rapid growth, and coming into bearing generally the fourth year from the seed. We regret, however, that in many sections, the prevalence of certain maladies peculiar to the peach, have operated to check its propagation somewhat of late, and unless arrested will doubtless have a decided tendency to discourage many by whom its cultivation has already been projected and commenced. The following recipe for the cure of diseased peach trees, which we cut from an exchange, may therefore be of service:—

"Take common salt eight parts, and of salt petre one part, rub them well together until they are intimately mixed. Apply eight ounces of this mixture to each tree of five years old and over, upon the surface of the ground, in immediate contact with its trunk. This mixture, thus applied, will destroy entirely all the worms and grubs; but to more effectually preserve your trees, sow over the whole orchard at the rate of two bushels of the above mixture to the acre. This method has never failed to increase the size and improve the flavor of the fruit, to prevent the yellows as well as to destroy the worms."

FERTILE SOILS. The efforts of science have already succeeded in demonstrating in the most satisfactory manner, that in order to be fertile, a soil must contain all the mineral ingredients which enter into the plants intended to be grown upon it, and under such circumstances, and in such condition as to render them easily available by the roots of plants; and in sufficient quantity to ensure a supply, by some judicious and economical system of cultivation, during the growth of the crop, whatever it may be. It should also be so constituted as to render it easily permeable by the roots—consisting of a due admixture of impalpable matter, with a quantum sufficient of larger particles, so that it may possess the advantage of porosity, and admit the fructifying agents without obstruction to assist in the perfection and maturation of the crop. There should also be present in the soil a due proportion of matter capable of undergoing chemical changes, and intermixed therewith, a supply of organic particles, capable of decomposition thro' the agency of air and water.

LIME AROUND APPLE TREES.

The editor of the Maine Cultivator, after recommending lime to the amount of a peck or half bushel, applied annually around peach trees, says:—
"An old farmer of much discrimination, observed to us recently, that he had made it a regular practice, for several years, to sow calcareous lime around his apple trees in the spring. He had noticed that a tree standing in the immediate vicinity of his dwelling, had all at once put forth with renewed energy, and he was at a loss, for some time, to define the cause. On inquiry, he found that a quantity of lime, which had accidentally been spilled, and rendered worthless by becoming mixed with the refuse on the stable floor, had been thrown at the foot of the tree, and to this, as the principal cause, he immediately assigned the reviviscence and renewed fructification of the tree. Taking the hint from this accident, he purchased twelve casks of lime, and applied half a bushel to each tree, and found that it produced immediately beneficial effects. Not the health of the trees only, but the quality of the fruit also was greatly improved. We would advise our readers to make trial of this experiment and see whether it is deserving of the high recommendations it receives."

PLATFORM BALANCE MANUFACTURE. We were not aware that platform and other nice balances were manufactured anywhere in Maine. At the Cattle Show in Vassalboro', we saw exhibited some fine specimens of platform balances, manufactured by Messrs. Alden & Co., in Waterville, in this county. They were well made and nicely finished, and what is of more consequence, exceedingly accurate.

We would recommend these balances to all honest men who need a perfect balance. The platform balance was graduated to 900 lbs.

EFFECTS OF CULTIVATION. Buffon asserts that wheat is a factitious grain, and there is scarcely a vegetable, whatever its present character, on our farms, that can be found growing naturally. "Rye, rice, barley, and even oats, cannot be found wild, that is to say, growing naturally, in any part of the world." All have been modified by the industry and skill of man, from their originals, and to such a degree as not to admit of our recognizing them, or even of discovering their relations. Such are the effects of cultivation, that from a small, bitter Chilian root, we have succeeded in obtaining the potato. From the acrid and nauseous *apium graveolens*, comes the delicious celery, and from the diminutive colewort, with its seven distinctive leaves, and ungrateful flavor, the rapid and nutritive cabbage of a dozen pounds weight.

LIME IN PLANTING TREES. It is asserted in an English publication, that a large plantation of trees has been formed within a few years past without the loss of a single tree, and this, says the writer, has been effected simply by putting a small quantity of lime in the hole before introducing the tree. Four bushels of lime are said to be sufficient for an acre. The lime, however, it should be observed, must be thoroughly mixed with the loam, in order that it may be reached with equal facility in every direction by the roots, as its effect is to push forward the tree during the precarious stage of its existence, and when the new fibres, beginning to start and ramify from the tap-root, require a supply of readily appropriate nutriment throughout their whole course.

We have often used lime—usually its hydrate, in setting fruit trees, and have rarely known it fail of the best effects.

TO PROTECT GRAIN FROM RATS. An individual of much practical experience informs us that green "elder" deposited in and about the mows of hay and grain, will prove an effectual preventive against the depredations of mice and rats. These animals are frequently very destructive in their ravages, and if a remedy so simple and easy of attainment is efficacious, it deserves to be known and remembered by all. We have long known that the stalks and leaves of the common mullein, will drive rats from their haunts. There is something in the odor of this plant that is as disgusting to their ratships as was the leek to ancient Pistol—they "cannot abide it."

CRANBERRIES FROM A CORNFIELD.

Mr. Editor.—Having been a subscriber for the Ploughman for more than a year, and having taken great interest in it, and more so as I take great delight in cultivating all kinds of fruit to considerable extent, and finding much said in regard to cultivating the club [shrub] cranberry in some of your columns last winter, and not finding it very easy to obtain the plants, I concluded to try an experiment on my own premises. I commenced the middle of last April and set out about one-third of an acre; the soil was of a loamy nature. I planted corn on the same land the season before, and cut up some of the plants with a hoe about six inches square on the turf, others nothing but the vines; both did equally as well. My method was to set out between the old hills my plants without ploughing or harrowing. The first of June I went over all the old hills with my cultivator, making it all smooth and light. I then hoed the plants, and made no use of any manure; they have done wonders, to my astonishment; they bloomed about the 20th of July. The fruit is large and handsome, many of the hills yielding a pint of berries; I herewith send you one of the branches which has grown since the 20th of July, and the vines now cover the whole ground. I also send you a box of the cranberries.

ABEL BURNHAM.
Essex, Oct. 9th, 1846.

We have received the box of cranberries sent us by Mr. Burnham, and we declare them the largest and handsomest that we have ever seen. If such cranberries can be grown on high and dry ground, the bog-meadows may be given up to bear the good kinds of grass.

Yet as this experiment may not be decisive, we would have other trials of a similar kind. We hope to hear still more of the results of experiments which we have urged our readers to try. One pint of berries on each hill, as far apart as bean hills, would give 125 bushels per acre.

Mr. Burnham says that the box of cranberries sent him to the Cattle Show, at Lynn, Mass., was mistaken for wild cranberries from meadows. [Ed. Mass. Pl.]

The English, though sometimes said to be less practical in their philosophy than the French, are yet generally most remarkable for the studiousness of their schemes. When Brunel undertook to make a road way under the Thames it was thought the ultimatum of bold and visionary projects. A far more gigantic one still, has however been broached in Paris—being no less than a cast iron tunnel beneath the sea, to pass from Calais to Dover, a distance of more than twenty miles. Such an undertaking appears at first view, foolishly bold and visionary; and perhaps it is really so; but when we look at the vast achievements of the last quarter of a century, where money, skill and determined enterprise have operated together, we would feel cautious in declaring it impossible. [Ex.]

To dry a cow of her milk. Pour two quarts of rain or river water on a fresh net bag; boil them down to one quart, and strain; when sufficiently cool, give it as a drink to the cow, and she will be dry in 48 hours. She should be kept on hay, straw, or other dry food two or three days previously and several days subsequently. [Ex. paper.]

A celebrated author justly observes that "Agriculture is the nursery of patriotism and virtue—aided by science it makes a great man. All the energy of the hero, and all the science of the philosopher may find scope in the cultivation of a single farm."

MANURE AND ITS APPLICATION.

Messrs. Editors: In your paper of last week, I read the communication on top dressing with great pleasure. It has been my opinion that much manure is lost by ploughing it in. I have tried several ways, and at several seasons of the year; and I have come to the conclusion that the best time to plough green sward is in July and August, as soon as the crop of grass is gathered.

The best method of manuring is to spread on a good coat of manure after the ground is ploughed, and harrow it in well. If desired, scatter in some turnip seed, and a good crop can be obtained with less injury to the land than at any other time, and they will not come amiss for cattle in the winter and spring.

The next winter the same ground should be ploughed again and another dressing of manure put on as before, and harrowed in well; and then the seed may be put in with or without manuring in the hill, and a good crop will be obtained.

It should be observed in all cases, that deep ploughing is absolutely requisite to prevent drought in high or clayey land, and to drain off water in low land. By mixing the manure with the soil, as above described, plants have their food all prepared, both for early and late crops.

In an orchard I have tried ploughing in manure, and spreading it on as a top dressing, but in no case has it done so well as ploughing first and harrowing in a good coat after. I should think that twice as much benefit is obtained from the manure as by depositing it under the furrow.

In every ploughing, some of the subsoil should be turned up. By pursuing the above method, a farmer, in a short time, would have his whole farm in a good high state for cultivation, and never regret that he had given to his plants the best food, and in the best possible manner.

While speaking of manure, I would say that no farmer should be without a cellar to his barn, and he should house his cattle every night so as to save all the manure, both liquid and solid. If this was done, and all the bushes, weeds and sods, were put into this cellar, and a few hogs, if kept there, would mix it, and when a load of mud should be added, it would help it very much.

In the fall rake up and put in all the leaves that can be obtained, and they will pay three fold for the labor expended. I make my barn cellar a general deposit for all kinds of rubbish that I wish to get out of sight, and in the spring it comes out good manure paying me well for my trouble.

S. A. SHURTLEFF.
Spring Grove, Sept. 17, 1846.
[Boston Cultivator.]

BLOODY MILK.

Mr. Wildman of Castile, says: "I wish to ask you, or some of your correspondents, what I can do for a likely young cow I have that came in last spring, and has given bloody milk for the last two or three weeks. I have had recommended garget root and nitre, both of which I have tried, and see no good result. I still continue to milk her, and feed it to the hogs, in hopes that there is something I can do for her that will restore her milk, as she is of a superior breed which I wish to keep on my farm."

Blood in milk arises from the rupture of blood vessels in the lacteal gland, where the milk is secreted from arterial blood. One has to rely mostly on Nature to heal the bleeding vessels. Quack nostrums can do but little good at best, and may injure the general health of a valuable cow. Milk very gently three times a day, and wash the bag in cold water, made colder by the solution of a little salt. The object of frequent milking is to avoid the great distension of the vessels in the gland, and their liability to bleed; while the application of cold water will serve, like applying it to the forehead or back of the neck to check bleeding at the nose, to contract the open mouths of the capillaries which exude blood into the milk. [Genesee Farmer.]

A MIDDLING COW AND A GOOD COW.

A middling cow will yield five pounds of butter per week, while a good cow will yield twelve. Now offer both of these for sale—the middling animal being as large and handsome as the good one. How many purchasers, think you, will give fifty dollars for the one rather than twenty five for the other?

Let us make a reasonable estimate. It costs thirty dollars a year to keep a cow, and the produce of a middling one is worth thirty-six dollars. Your cow earns you six dollars over and above the keeping. But your good cow earns you seven times six! She yields twice as much milk and butter, yet the cost of her keeping is the same as the other. Her earnings are seventy two dollars; and if you deduct her keeping (30 dollars) you have forty two dollars for her annual profit—seven times as much as your middling cow!

Have we made any mistake in the figures? Let's try again:—Farmer A. keeps one good cow; farmer B. keeps two middling cows that yield just as much as A's cow (72 dolls.) A. deducts the cost of keeping (30 dolls.) B. deducts costs of keeping (60 dolls.) A's profits, above the keeping in one cow, are forty-two dollars. B's profits above the keeping of two cows are twelve dollars. On one cow there would be six dollars.

Have we put a very uncommon case? Go into the yard of any careful farmer, who keeps twelve cows, and he will tell you that some of them yield twice as much as others on the same keeping.

Yet who will give fifty dollars for a good cow when he can have a middling cow for twenty-five? We answer, not one farmer in twenty. And this is the reason why so few are willing to devote themselves to the raising of superior stock. We have no bidders. Our people think the English great fools to pay such prices as they do, for first rate cattle. We may yet think differently. [Mass. Ploughman.]

At Burlington, Vt., on Sunday, the 18th, the snow was four inches deep, and people rode to church in sleighs.

AGRICULTURAL HYMN.

[The following Hymn, by GEO. LUTY of Newburyport, was sung at the public exercises of the Essex Agricultural Society, at Lynn, Mass.]

Once more amid the harvest fields with autumn's stores embowered,
With flowers and fruits and golden grain in rich profusion crowned,
Behind our steps the summer fades, before us all appear
The hues that with their glory paint the closing time of year.

Once more we've seen the genial earth bring winter from her arms,
For us unfold her mighty heart and give us all her charms:
Once more we've met the summer's sun amid the blaze of June,
And gathered Nature's bounties in, beneath the harvest moon.

The forest leaves of late so fresh, lie strewn and withered round,
The voices of the coming storm, sweep o'er the naked ground;
The birds that filled the living air have spread their winged wing,
Afar beneath another sky, to seek another spring.

Yet though the circling seasons change, and each renews its reign,
Oh, not for this we grieve to see the year's departing train,
For hopes that flushed the vernal hour have found their rich reward,
And smiles should cheer the wintry hearth where plenty decks the board.

Like men we met our honest toil with every rising morn,
Like men we bore the fervid heat amid the bending corn,
And now with grateful hearts we come to bless the bounteous Power,
Whose goodness sent the ripening sun, and poured the kindly shower.

And still to seek thy fostering hand and own thy constant care,
May we and ours to endless years thy constant name declare,
Thine are our fields, and flocks, and herds, and all that crown our days,
And still to Thee, Almighty Lord! eternal be the praise.

THE POTATOE DISEASE.

The following very curious article we take from the *Berwick Advertiser* of 8th of Eighth month last, which was kindly handed us by a friend, who is personally acquainted with W. Whitehouse, the writer, and says his statements may certainly be relied on. It behoves every one to throw all the light he can upon the disease and its remedies, that is so widely and seriously affecting the Irish potatoe. Wherever it can be done, we would advise the farmer to lime his potatoe ground. For many years, while on a farm, the editor never failed to have a good crop of potatoes on ground which he had limed: he uniformly believed that lime was especially favorable to that root. This, however, was before the appearance of the potatoe disease. Instead of tracing the cause of this malady to a particularly wet season, or particularly dry season, we apprehend—like epidemics among ourselves and our cattle—it must be attributed to circumstances which have hitherto entirely eluded our perceptions. There may, however, be an antidote. Let us seek it industriously by experiment and observation. Lime your potatoe ground. [Farmers' Cabinet.]

Now, allow me to lay before you a statement respecting an experiment which I made last year, and am following up this summer, as a probable means of renovating and improving the qualities of our second necessary of life, potatoes—which have been degenerating for several years back. Aware that many garden shrubs and herbaceous plants have their qualities maintained and improved, by propagating them by cuttings of the stems, rather than by dividing the roots or by seed; in the latter end of June, 1845, I planted, in good light soil without manure, cuttings of the green stalks of early potatoes, I scarcely cherished a hope that they would produce tubers; yet in autumn I found a crop—some of them the size of "boys' playing marbles," and most of them from two to four times that size. These were planted the 23rd of last February, and now, removing the soil from part of a root, the first and only one that I inspected is full larger, and of finer appearance, than those growing in the same ground and planted with tubers of the same sort.

The cuttings were the tops of the stalks, four or five joints from the top, and cut close under the joint with a very sharp penknife, and with a quick, clean, sloping cut. All the long leaves were clipped off, and such of the buds of the stalks as were growing into leaves, shortened a little, except the top buds—taking particular care not to do this so close as to pinch the bud off, or bruise the stalk—as it is out of them that the young tubers grow.

They were planted in a sunny aspect, and shaded, and watered every evening in dry weather, for two or three weeks, until they began to grow. This summer I am planting about half, or two-thirds of the whole stalks; lying them nearly horizontally, under two or three inches of soil, with the top buds only above ground. The seed will no doubt be more abundant in this length of stalk and horizontal position. I am planting them in portions of ground the size of onion beds, laying a row of plants three inches asunder the whole breadth of the bed, and another row directly opposite, with the top buds of both rows meeting each other. In this way they will need little shade, and will be easily weeded and watered. As it is rather difficult to furnish shade, I plant some behind any large culinary herbs; and even behind, and between, ridges of growing potatoes. The broad leaves of the former, and the luxuriant stalks of the latter, are a sufficient shade. But these growing potatoes, or herbs, are such as will be dug up in the course of three weeks, as this new crop must have sun to mature it. Latterly I find that by bringing the top buds very near together, they need no shade except a few stalks and leaves thrown over them, of those weeds, herbs, or cuttings of leafy shrubs, on which carwigs and reptiles do not lodge, so that there is no expense, and little trouble attending this attempt to improve our potatoe seed.

This cuttings should be taken from healthy plants and planted without manure in ground that has not been recently set with potatoes.

I now find young sets growing upon stalks of early potatoes which I planted only three weeks ago. It is, therefore, not too late to plant cuttings of second earlies and the later sorts. I also find that the small stalks produce as well as the thick stalks; so that those who would hesitate to cut the main stalks of their growing crops for this purpose, might succeed by using the small ones. It may be advisable to cover the crop with an addition of light soil, and leave it in the ground until setting time next spring. This method of endeavouring to improve the potatoe will be more expeditious than that of doing it by the seed of the potatoe apple—although that should be persevered in, to obtain varieties—and the produce could be always depended upon to be the same sorts as those from which the cuttings were taken. If landed proprietors and Horticultural Societies would encourage this mode, and if farmers, nurserymen, market-gardeners, and every cottager who has a few yards of spare fresh ground, would immediately practice it, I believe that in two or three years—through the blessing of Heaven, ever ready to second man's instrumentality—the whole of the united kingdom would have more abundant crops of this nutritious root, much improved in quality, and the different sorts distinctly classified. It is also highly probable that if cuttings of these new plantations were, from year to year planted in fresh ground, the plague of this mysterious disease might be entirely eradicated. I am planting cuttings of the stalks of those growing from the result of my last year's experiment, and expect that the offspring will be superlative. W. WHITEHOUSE.

THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.

The telegraph is now built from New York, passing through the intermediate large towns—from New York to Buffalo, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington city—from Philadelphia to Harrisburg (not quite finished we believe)—from Boston to Lowell—and it is also being built from Boston to Portland, in Maine; making together more than one thousand miles of magnetic wire. Of the productiveness of the stock nothing is yet certainly known, though there seems to be no doubt that it will yield very rich dividends. Last summer, while in Washington, we were informed by Hon. Amos Kendall, that the line between Baltimore and New York, tho' it had been in operation but a few weeks, and had not been carried across the river to New York city, had yielded \$80 per day. As some evidence of the productiveness of telegraphic investments, he informs us that while he was postmaster general, he put on an express mail from Washington to New Orleans, charging treble postage on letters, and carrying newspaper slips, containing news, free; and that, notwithstanding it was only two days and a half ahead of the regular mail, it yielded an income of \$200 per mile per annum. This sum would build the telegraph, and leave \$40 per mile to defray the ordinary expenses, the first year.

The wires are found to work just as well upon the longest lines as upon the shortest. And were a continuous line in operation between this city and Boston, the communication would be, to all appearance, instantaneous. Were a continuous wire stretched eleven times around the earth the magnetic fluid would pass the distance in one second. It would, were a continuous wire stretched through them, pass through London, Paris, St. Petersburg, Constantinople, Cape Town, Lima, Cairo (Egypt), Peking, and back by the way of Oregon, during the time of one pulsation of the heart.

The question of building a line from here to Pittsburg, is seriously agitated.

The present owners of the patent, are S. F. B. Morse, the original patentee, who owns one-half; F. O. J. Smith, who owns one-fourth; Leonard D. Gale and Alfred Vail, who own one-eighth each. Hon. Amos Kendall is agent for Messrs. Morse, Gale & Vail. The owners of the patent, in their contracts with companies, put the patent against the stock. Then, if a company were to raise \$50,000 to build a line from here to Pittsburg, \$100,000 of stock would be issued, viz: \$50,000 to the company, and \$50,000 to the patentees. The interest upon this sum would be \$6,000. Probably \$100 per mile would build a line, with locust, cedar, and black walnut posts, and finish it in the most perfect working order. [Cincinnati Enquirer, of September 23d.]

KNOWLEDGE.

"What an excellent thing is knowledge!" said a sharp looking, bustling little man, to one who was much older than himself. "Knowledge is an excellent thing," repeated he; "my boys know more at six and seven years old, than I did at twelve. They can read all sorts of books, and talk on all sorts of subjects. The world is a great deal wiser than it used to be. Everybody knows something of everything now. Do you not think, sir, that knowledge is an excellent thing?"

"Why, sir," replied the old man, looking gravely, "that depends entirely upon the use to which it is applied. It may be a blessing or a curse. Knowledge is only an increase of power, and may be a bad as well as a good thing."

"That is what I cannot understand," said the bustling little man. How can power be a bad thing?"

"I will tell you," meekly replied the old man, and thus he went on: "When the power of a horse is under restraint, the animal is useful in bearing the burdens, drawing loads, and carrying his master; but when that power is unrestrained, the horse breaks the bridle, dashes to pieces the carriage that he draws, or throws his rider."

"I see! I see!" said the little man.

"When the water of a large pond is properly conducted by trenches, it renders the fields around fertile; but when it bursts through its banks, it sweeps everything before it, and destroys the produce of the fields."

"I see! I see!" said the little man, "I see!"

"When a ship is steered right, the sail that she hoists up enables her the sooner to get into port; but if steered wrong, the more sail she carries, the farther will she go out of her course."

"I see! I see!" said the little man; "I see clearly."

"Well, then," continued the old man, "if you see these things so clearly, I hope that you can see, too, that knowledge, to be a good thing, must be rightly applied. God's grace in the heart will render the knowledge of the head a blessing; but without this, it may prove a curse."

"I see! I see!" said the little man. "I see!"

MAKING A CONQUEST.

"Fred," said a wag to a conceited fool, "I know a beautiful creature who desires to make your acquaintance." "Glad you hear it—fine girl—good taste—struck with my fine appearance, I suppose?" "Yes, very much so. She thinks you would make a capital playmate for her pool table."

INDIAN MASSACRE. The Van Buren Intelligence, (Ark.) reports, on the authority of a letter from Fort Washtaw, that the entire population of a Wichita Indian village had suddenly disappeared. A number of dead bodies were found around their fort, and a large trail was discovered near the village; from which it is inferred that some hostile tribe—the Camanches or Pecos—had attacked the Wichitaws, and killed and made captive the entire population of the village.

PORTLAND AND KENNEBEC RAILROAD. Agreeably to previous notice, a numerous meeting of the stockholders and friends of the road was held at Gardiner, on Wednesday last.

A vote of \$50,000 was reported by J. L. Child, Esq., which, after a careful and deliberate review and examination, and the adoption of various amendments, was adopted.

A report was made by Hon. Reuel Williams, from a committee chosen at a previous meeting for the purpose, of the result of a conference with the Directors of the Portland, Saco and Portsmouth Railroad in reference to a connection of the roads. A proposition was entertained for the P. S. and P. road, to subscribe \$100,000 towards the capital stock of this road—to give to the new road the free use of the depot at Portland, and to run their cars upon the new road, charging the same per mile as is incurred on their road; through fares to be divided equally till the road divides six per cent, and afterwards a pro rata fare, according to the distance run.

These conditions were considered very favorable, and the report was referred to the Board of Directors.

A Board of Directors for the ensuing year was then chosen, consisting of John D. Lang, of Vassalboro, Reuel Williams, of Augusta, John Otis, of Hallowell, George Evans, of Gardiner, George F. Patten, of Bath, Joseph McKenney, of Brunswick, Josiah Calk, of Saco, and B. T. Reed and Wm. Appleton, of Boston.

Since the last meeting of the corporation, a new impulse has been imparted to the work. The subscriptions in Augusta have more than doubled, and promise to become so in Hallowell and Gardiner. We shall obtain 400,000 dollars, at least, upon the Kennebec, and now have full confidence that the work will be commenced early in the spring. No rational doubt exists as to the road becoming at once, on its completion, a good dividend-paying stock. We have not seen the first man, that is acquainted with the great business of the valley of the Kennebec, not adversely interested, who thinks otherwise. As immediate measures will be taken to fill up the stock, it is hoped every farmer, mechanic, laborer, and certainly every capitalist, will voluntarily tender his subscriptions to the amount of his means. [Ken. Journal.]

SHIPWRECK AND LOSS OF LIFE. Sch. Charles Henry, (of Bucksport) Capt. Coombs, from Bangor for Providence, with a cargo of lumber, ran ashore in a heavy squall from the westward, on the 23d inst., about 10 miles from the mouth of the Kennebec. The vessel immediately bilged, on striking, the sea making a complete breach over her, and driving the crew into the rigging where they remained twenty-two hours, exposed to the inclemency of the weather. The cook, named Michael Owen, of Bucksport, was hurt at the time the vessel struck, and refused to go into the rigging; he was washed to the main rigging, where he was drowned by the waves, in two or three hours. The crew were rescued by sch. Sea Serpent, of Falmouth, after more than twenty vessels had passed them, (it is hoped without noticing them,) and carried to Chatham, from whence they arrived in this city yesterday, totally destitute, having lost every thing. It would seem that the great number of disasters that have happened at this place within a short time, would show the erection of a light house near the spot to be a measure of urgent necessity. [Traveller.]

SHIPWRECK. Brig Annawan, (of Thomaston) Capt. Hanson Bird, bound from New York for Galveston, with a cargo of lime and cement, struck a reef of Orange Keys, at 7 P. M., 11th inst., in 30 minutes afterwards the vessel was found to be on fire, and also to be in a sinking condition; immediately lowered the boat, and had barely time to escape from the brig, saving nothing. When last seen, the brig was under water with the exception of the weather side of the house. The crew were in the boat four days and nights, suffering dreadfully, having neither food nor drink, the sea running high, and the boat being at times half full of water, and in great danger of being swamped. On the evening of the third day, saw a barque to windward, and attempted to cross her bow, but could not reach her. On the 4th day was picked up by barque David Nickols, Capt. Nickols, in lat. 28 30 N., 79 30 W., and brought to the D. D. Nickols arrived on Tuesday, from Cardenas. [Traveller.]

YELLOW FEVER IN NEW ORLEANS. The N. O. Jeffersonian of the 17th states that up to 6 P. M. of the 16th of Oct. there had been fifty-five cases of yellow fever treated in the Charity Hospital; that five deaths had occurred during the previous 24 hours; that six patients had been admitted the day previous, to the Hospital. The whole number of deaths, from all causes, in the city, during the week previous, was 80; the week before that, 91.

The report of the Board of Health is more favorable. They regard many reported cases of yellow fever as cases of intermittent and bilious remitting fever. On the 17th they say there were not above 15 cases of yellow fever in the Charity Hospital.

FROM HAVANA AND MEXICO. An arrival at Philadelphia from Havana the 10th, brings a report that the Dr. mail steamer had arrived at Havana with passengers from Mexico to the 1st of October. These papers, it is said, contained intelligence that Santa Anna had left the capital, and was marching to Monterey with 4000 troops. Parades, it is reported, had arrived at Havana, an exile, unattended. His intention was to go to Europe. It is also reported that Comm. Shont, late commander of the Pacific Squadron, had arrived at Monterey, where he had left his officers having left the U. S. frigate Congress, at Monterey on the Pacific, in command of Com. Stockton.

The priests had consented to raise two millions of dollars, and the merchants of the city of Mexico had a million a month, to carry on the war. A report from Mazatlan stated that the Mexican brig of war had been captured by the launches of an American frigate, name not given.

CALIFORNIA. As we have already stated, the last accounts from Com. Stockton in full power as Commander-in-Chief of the U. S. Naval Forces in the Pacific and Governor of the Territory of California, Com. Shont, having left for home, and the Commodore, as will be seen by the following high-sounding proclamation, has declared the whole of the Mexican coast on the Pacific in a state of blockade:

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN. I, J. R. Stockton, Commodore and Commander-in-Chief of the United States Naval Forces in the Pacific Ocean, and Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Territory of California, do, by the authority of the President and Congress of the United States of North America, hereby declare all the ports, harbors, bays, outlets and inlets on the West Coast of Mexico, South of San Diego, to be in a state of vigorous blockade, which will be maintained except against armed vessels of neutral nations.

All neutral merchant vessels found in any of the bays and harbors on said Coast on arrival of the blockading force, will be allowed twenty days to leave.

Given under my hand and seal, this nineteenth day of August, A. D. one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, at the City of San Francisco, in the "Cuidad de Los Angeles," the Capital of California.

[Signed] J. R. Stockton, Commodore and Commander-in-Chief of the Naval Forces of the U. S. in the Pacific Ocean, and Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the Territory of California.

STATE OF MAINE.

BY THE GOVERNOR.

A PROCLAMATION

For a Day of Public Thanksgiving and Praise.

The year which is about to close has been distinguished by signal tokens of Divine beneficence.

Harvests of unusual abundance have rewarded the toil, and gladdened the heart of the husbandman; the various pursuits of industry have been generally successful; and labor, in all its departments, has been liberally remunerated.

And while we have enjoyed the comfort, and participated in the benefits of a protracted and fruitful summer, we have escaped the visitation of those severe and unusual maladies, which sometimes mingle with the abundance of autumn, the bitter ingredients of disease and death.

To these prolific sources of individual happiness, we have been permitted to add, the uninterrupted possession of our civil rights—the benefit of free institutions—of internal tranquility—of general education—and the ministrations of a pure and benign religion.

For these numerous and inestimable blessings, it becomes a people so eminently favored, to unite in the expression of devout acknowledgments to the Great and Good Being whose bounty has bestowed them.

To this end, and in compliance with established custom, I have, with the advice and consent of the Executive Council, appointed THURSDAY, the THIRD DAY OF DECEMBER next, to be observed as a day of PUBLIC THANKSGIVING AND PRAISE: and the people of this State are respectfully requested to assemble on that day, in their respective houses of public worship, for the performance of such services as may be proper for the occasion.

Commended to our observance by the example of those whose virtue and piety instituted this annual festival, we cannot better honor their memories, than by perpetuating a custom, at once so venerable and so proper.

With greatly accumulated motives inviting us to this yearly offering of gratitude and praise, let us unite in rendering to our Divine Benefactor, the tribute of devout thanksgiving.

Suspending the labors and anxieties of business, let us devote the day to the grateful duties and national enjoyments, for which it was originally designed.

To the sacred services of public worship, let us add a cheerful and hearty participation in the duties of benevolence and charity, to the exercise of which, the occasion is so peculiarly appropriate.

And while surrounded by the immediate tokens of God's bounty, let us recall the many proofs of His regard and favor afforded in this year's offering of gratitude and praise, to our common country.

Let us invoke upon all the interests of our State and Nation, His continued protection; that our government may be administered in wisdom, and the rights and liberties of the people perpetuated; and that the signal victories with which He has been pleased to crown our arms, during the religion of our foreign nation, may lead to the speedy establishment of an honorable and lasting peace.

And reminded by the swift recurrence of these anniversaries, that our day of life is hastening to its close, may the silent, but admonitory lesson, forcibly impress our hearts; and may it lead us to seek, through the sanctifying influences of the religion of our Savior, a timely preparation for a future life.

Given at the Council Chamber at Augusta, this twelfth day of October, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-six, and of the Independence of the United States, the seventy-first.

H. J. ANDERSON.
By the Governor.
EZRA B. FRENCH, Sec'y of State.

The drought continues. It would not require a very great stretch for a man to stand astride of our river, and let the once mighty St. Croix flow between his legs. [Calais Advertiser.]

The smaller streams all over New England are dwindled down to mere brooks. A great many mills and factories work only part of the time, or are suspended entirely for want of water. The water is unusually low, but there is water enough now running over the Kennebec Dam at this place to move more mills than we expect to see here in our lifetime: so much indeed that on Monday the heavy gravel boat, accidentally breaking loose, floated over the dam with six men in it. Five of them kept in the boat, which filled, but floated. One of them, named Lewis, leaped the stream tumbled out and swam ashore.

The advantage of a large stream for a permanent water power is very obvious, for droughts may be expected hereafter, and more or less every year. [Ken. Journal.]

AN OLD VETERAN OF 103 YEARS. Baltus Stone, a rifleman of the revolution, died in Philadelphia, on Thursday night, aged 103 years and 16 days. He was with Washington in every campaign, and witnessed the battles of Bunker Hill, Trenton, Germantown, Red Bank, and others, and yet escaped through all without receiving a wound. He had a pension from the Government, and was able to walk about until within a few months.

GRIT. A lady who sells whips, &c. in New York, tried one of her articles on the hide of an offending man. Petitions came off in triumph.

MECHANISM OF A WATCH. It is a curious fact that a watch consists of 992 pieces; and 23 trades, and probably 215 persons, are employed in making one of these machines.

A correspondent of the Prairie Farmer says a lady of his acquaintance colors wool and woolsen goods, blue, with persimmon, a common dye. He says that the lady assures him it was equal in every respect to the best indigo blue.

Why is a clock that never stops like a garret? Because it's always at-tick.

Why is a certain appearance to a bed like a lolly-stick? Because it's bent all the while.

Why is a certain appearance to a bed like a lolly-stick? Because it's bent all the while.

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BOSTON MARKET, Oct. 31.

Flour.—Prices remained uniform, with a moderate demand, up to the arrival of the California, bringing accounts of a further considerable advance abroad. Immediately on the receipt of this news, Gloucester brands advanced to \$6.25 @ \$6.37, cash. Other kinds have taken of a similar advance. Sales of Ohio round hoop, new, \$5.00 @ \$5.12; do. inferior, \$4.75 @ \$5.00; do. white, \$6.12 @ \$6.25; do. do. \$6.00 @ \$6.12; do. do. \$5.87 @ \$6.00; do. do. \$5.75 @ \$5.87; do. do. \$5.62 @ \$5.75; do. do. \$5.50 @ \$5.62; do. do. \$5.37 @ \$5.50; do. do. \$5.25 @ \$5.37; do. do. \$5.12 @ \$5.25; do. do. \$5.00 @ \$5.12; do. do. \$4.87 @ \$5.00; do. do. \$4.75 @ \$4.87; do. do. \$4.62 @ \$4.75; do. do. \$4.50 @ \$4.62; do. do. \$4.37 @ \$4.50; do. do. \$4.25 @ \$4.37; do. do. \$4.12 @ \$4.25; do. do. \$4.00 @ \$4.12; do. do. \$3.87 @ \$4.00; do. do. \$3.75 @ \$3.87; do. do. \$3.62 @ \$3.75; do. do. \$3.50 @ \$3.62; do. do. \$3.37 @ \$3.50; do. do. \$3.25 @ \$3.37; do. do. \$3.12 @ \$3.25; do. do. \$3.00 @ \$3.12; do. do. \$2.87 @ \$3.00; do. do. \$2.75 @ \$2.87; do. do. \$2.62 @ \$2.75; do. do. \$2.50 @ \$2.62; do. do. \$2.37 @ \$2.50; do. do. \$2.25 @ \$2.37; do. do. \$2.12 @ \$2.25; do. do. \$2.00 @ \$2.12; do. do. \$1.87 @ \$2.00; do. do. \$1.75 @ \$1.87; do. do. \$1.62 @ \$1.75; do. do. \$1.50 @ \$1.62; do. do. \$1.37 @ \$1.50; do. do. \$1.25 @ \$1.37; do. do. \$1.12 @ \$1.25; do. do. \$1.00 @ \$1.12; do. do. \$0.87 @ \$1.00; do. do. \$0.75 @ \$0.87; do. do. \$0.62 @ \$0.75; do. do. \$0.50 @ \$0.62; do. do. \$0.37 @ \$0.50; do. do. \$0.25 @ \$0.37; do. do. \$0.12 @ \$0.25; do. do. \$0.00 @ \$0.12.

Wool.—American Full Blood, 23 @ 35; do. do. 22 @ 34; do. do. 21 @ 33; do. do. 20 @ 32; do. do. 19 @ 31; do. do. 18 @ 30; do. do. 17 @ 29; do. do. 16 @ 28; do. do. 15 @ 27; do. do. 14 @ 26; do. do. 13 @ 25; do. do. 12 @ 24; do. do. 11 @ 23; do. do. 10 @ 22; do. do. 9 @ 21; do. do. 8 @ 20; do. do. 7 @ 19; do. do. 6 @ 18; do. do. 5 @ 17; do. do. 4 @ 16; do. do. 3 @ 15; do. do. 2 @ 14; do. do. 1 @ 13.

BRISTOL MARKET, Oct. 26.

At Market 2450 cattle, including sheep and beef, 2750 sheep, and 700 swine.

Prices.—Best cattle.—The prices obtained last week were fully sustained. We quote extra, \$5.25; first quality, \$5; second, \$4.50 @ \$4.75; third, \$4 @ \$4.25.

Working Oxen.—Sales, \$61, \$67, \$70, \$77, \$83 @ \$85.

Stores.—Two years old, \$10 @ \$15; three years old, \$16 @ \$28.

Sheep.—Lows were sold from \$1.42 to \$2.50; ewes, \$1.50 @ \$2.00; do. do. \$1.75 @ \$2.25; do. do. \$2.00 @ \$2.50; do. do. \$2.25 @ \$2.75; do. do. \$2.50 @ \$3.00; do. do. \$2.75 @ \$3.25; do. do. \$3.00 @ \$3.50; do. do. \$3.25 @ \$3.75; do. do. \$3.50 @ \$4.00; do. do. \$3.75 @ \$4.25; do. do. \$4.00 @ \$4.50; do. do. \$4.25 @ \$4.75; do. do. \$4.50 @ \$5.00; do. do. \$4.75 @ \$5.25; do. do. \$5.00 @ \$5.50; do. do. \$5.25 @ \$5.75; do. do. \$5.50 @ \$6.00; do. do. \$5.75 @ \$6.25; do. do. \$6.00 @ \$6.50; do. do. \$6.25 @ \$6.75; do. do. \$6.50 @ \$7.00; do. do. \$6.75 @ \$7.25; do. do. \$7.00 @ \$7.50; do. do. \$7.25 @ \$7.75; do. do. \$7.50 @ \$8.00; do. do. \$7.75 @ \$8.25; do. do. \$8.00 @ \$8.50; do. do. \$8.25 @ \$8.75; do. do. \$8.50 @ \$9.00; do. do. \$8.75 @ \$9.25; do. do. \$9.00 @ \$9.50; do. do. \$9.25 @ \$9.75; do. do. \$9.50 @ \$10.00; do. do. \$9.75 @ \$10.25; do. do. \$10.00 @ \$10.50; do. do. \$10.25 @ \$10.75; do. do. \$10.50 @ \$11.00; do. do. \$10.75 @ \$11.25; 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The Muse.

I LOVE TO LIVE.

BY EFFIE MAY.

"I love to live," said a grinning boy,
As he gaily played with his new bought toy.
And a merry laugh went echoing forth
From a bosom filled with joyous mirth.
"I love to live," said a stripling bold—
"I will seek for fame—I will toil for gold."
And he found in his leisure many a plan
To be carried out when he grew a man.
"I love to live," said a lover true,
"Oh, gentle maid, I would live for you;
I have labored hard in search of fame,
I have found in it an empty name."
"I love to live," said a happy sire,
As his children neared the wintry fire,
For his heart was cheered to see his joy,
And he almost wished himself a boy.
"I love to live," said an aged man,
Whose hour of life was well nigh run—
"Think you such words from him were meant?
The old man was again a child!"
And ever thus in this fallen world,
Is the banner of hope to the lesson unfurled:
And only with hope of life on high
Can a mortal ever live to die.

I LIVE TO LIVE.

"I live to live," said a laughing girl,
As she playfully tossed each flaxen curl;
As she climbed on her loving father's knee,
And snatched a kiss in her childish glee.
"I live to live," said a maiden fair,
As she twined a wreath for her sister's hair;
They were bound by the chords of love together,
And death alone could those sisters sever.
"I live to live," said a gay young bride,
Her loved one standing by her side;
Her life told again what her lips had spoken,
And ne'er was the link of affection broken.
"I live to live," said a mother kind—
"I would live a guide to the infant mind,"
Her precepts and example given,
Guided her children home to heaven.
"I shall live to live," said a failing form,
As her eyes were bright and her cheek grew warm,
As she thought in the blissful world on high,
She would live to love and never die.
And ever thus in this lower world,
Should the banner of Love be wide unfurled;
And when we meet in the world above,
May we live to love, and live to love.

The Story Teller.

(From Noah's Messenger.)

Suicide of the Young Patriot.

It was a few weeks previous to the battle of Long Island, that a small peaked-roofed wooden house, built, not of shingles or of planks, but of joist and broad shingles, and standing near Kingsbridge, was rendered the scene of a festive and patriotic meeting, which resulted strangely and mournfully, between the principal officers of our forces and their dearest friends. The humble house was such as now would be called a pretty hovel; but then the taste of the dwellers thereabouts being pre-eminently provincial, it was considered a beautiful rural retreat, far superior to any which could be found within the precincts of this, at that time abbreviated city. The house stood on a little eminence, and was skirted around by a small garden, whose contents chiefly consisted of useful vegetation—"garden truck" for the table. Here and there, it is true, flourished a trifling display of wild flowers carefully trained to grow as the will of the cultivator dictated; and upon the back part of the humble cottage trailed a covering of some evergreen vine, which gave the place a semi-aspect of *recherche* refinement.

A widow, named Livingston, with a daughter over whose head had passed fourteen summers, and a son just twenty years of age, occupied this tenement. Not only herself, but offspring, commanded the strong love of those who were at that period termed "the disloyal." As for the king's subjects, so called, and so acting, they could feel little reverence for the woman who gave entertainments to the "rebel" officers—for the youth, whose sentiments were too republican to be mistaken—or for the daughter, who inherited all her mother's patriotism and all her brother's well directed courage. Humble as were the tenants of the unpromising cottage we have mentioned, they formed the subjects of conversation, often times, for the soldiers at the watch-fire, and the ladies at the luxuriously garnished tables. "We would die for Mrs. Livingston!" was the repeated exclamation of the Americans. "Would that she could be caught in the act of aiding and abetting treason!" was the blood-thirsty wish of the opposite party.

At Kingsbridge and in the vicinity is now quite a settlement. At the time to which our legend carries us back, the cottage of Mrs. Livingston was the only one to be seen for more than a quarter of a mile. No one knew how the Livingstons lived. The small tract of land which belonged to the house, imperfectly tilled as it was, could not afford one tenth sufficient support of the family. Frank followed no employment. When at home, he merely occupied his time in poring over a number of dog-eared books—occasionally rendering man's service in a household by hewing wood and drawing water. He was absent days at a time, but not even his best friend had knowledge of his whereabouts.

A few weeks before the battle of Long Island the scene to which we made brief allusion in the opening of this sketch, took place. A dark night—clear, but cold—found Mrs. Livingston superintending a well-spread table in the little back parlour. Every window was closed, and Frank, under cover of a bristly oak, seemed to be keeping watch on exterior events in front.

"Did he name the usual hour, mother?" asked Frank in an impatient tone, through the upper half of the door, which he threw open.

"He did."

"It is past the time," responded Frank. "I trust no accident has taken place. You are prepared to receive the guests as they ought to be received."

"I am, thanks to his munificence!" replied the widow.

"It is fortunate," gloomily muttered Frank as he closed the door and re-mounted guard, "that we are thus by chance provided for. But for these gatherings, we should often want food; and Mary, my own Mary, in her helplessness, would perish. Accursed be tyranny which has robbed me of my patrimony! May the vengeance—"

"Hallo, Sir Sentinel!—you are careless!" said a rough voice at his elbow. "I might have passed into the house unnoticed."

"Ah, is it you general! pardon me, I will be more careful. It is a matter of form to ask of you the word."

"Good cheer!" replied Putnam, for it was he.

"Enter. The rest will soon be here, I presume!"
"Yes, a little business detained us." And so Putnam, without ceremony sought the back parlour of the cottage.
"Who goes there?" asked Frank quickly, as another figure emerged from the gloom of the foliage which, at that time was thicker than now.
"Good cheer!" A tall majestic form confronted the young man, who instantly removed his hat with a movement of deep reverence.
"General, welcome once more to our unpromising but much honored dwelling. Go in, if it please you, for my mother is somewhat troubled concerning your delay. You know, sir, that your movements are as true to your word as the sun to its duties."

"Brave boy," replied Washington, "the soldier is sometimes compelled to forget an appointment in the performance of the stern requirements of his position. I will at once in. Stay"—as he spoke some thirteen persons noiselessly approached—"I believe we are all here. If so, you may also seek the genial atmosphere of your own hospitable tenement."

Thirteen persons, variously attired, some as soldiers, others as farmers, one by one passed the formal door of security and entered the cottage, Washington and Frank bringing up the rear.

"Here again, widow!" was the familiar greeting to Mrs. Livingston by the great man; and it is a legendary saying, of course, that he even went so far as to place his lips upon her cheek before the fifteen gentlemen present.

"Ah general! would that I heard that remark often!" replied the widow, in no way disconcerted.

"That cannot be," gruffly spoke Putnam; "so let us waste no more words to such effect. We have much to consider to-night—therefore, to supper and to conference!"

"Be it as you say," mildly assented Mrs. Livingston, as she bustled about to make sure that her arrangements were perfect.

"To supper, then," was the unanimous exclamation.

"Here, Frank," said Washington, assuming the seat at the head of the table, "do you take your place at the right: I have matters of grave importance to communicate. Putnam, take the left—Green, Sullivan, Clinton, Brown—and you, Sergeant Tompkins, and the rest—dispose of yourselves as may best please you."

Each seat was speedily filled. Mrs. Livingston took her stand behind Washington's chair, and the daughter, Rose, stationed herself at a sideboard in the corner of the room. Not a muscle moved among the little assemblage until Washington had fervently implored the blessings of divine providence upon the meal before them. He had scarce delivered the concluding AMEN, ere a loud knock was heard upon the outer door.

"Silence!" whispered Sullivan between his clenched teeth.

"Who can it be Frank!" asked Mrs. Livingston, in alarm. "Be quiet as the grave, gentlemen. Frank see who it is."

"Who's there?" inquired Frank in as careless a tone as he could assume.

"Good cheer!" replied a voice which resembled the yell of an infuriated tiger.

Frank arose immediately, saying—"It is a friend—I know him. He brings no good news."

"Can anything have happened to the cause?" inquired Sullivan, biting his lips till the blood ran.

"No; it is to me alone that this news has interest," Frank opened the door to admit a stalwart old man, whose countenance betrayed the utmost anguish. He took no notice of the assemblage, but dropped into a seat, covered his face with his hands and sobbed aloud.

"Why, Nelson," said Frank, with a face as pale as marble, while the military assemblage gazed with wonder on the two, "how now! what disturbs you?"

"I have killed a Tory!" shouted the old man, as he started up, "and I wish I had extinguished a million lives in one."

"Charitable and sensible, that!" remarked Putnam.

"Surely you have not walked ten miles from home to tell us this!" exclaimed Frank.

"No, boy, I have not," moaned the old man, as he warmly grasped Frank's hand and pressed it to his bosom. "There is another tale for your ear. You are the only friend who in the sad revolutions of this time, has clung to me with increased affection. When I have wanted bread, when my cottage has been bare of meat or fuel, you have supplied the want. An old man, alone with a feeble daughter, had need of a prop like you, Frank—and I bless God that it was not denied me. This morning, Frank, my sole reliance, my two much cows, were stolen by a band of plundering Tories. My house was stripped of all that it contained and my daughter—poor Mary—was shot."

"Dead!" Frank's agitation was terrible.

"No—maimed! her arm is broken. Now that I have told you, I feel relieved. I killed the villain who fired upon her, and we escaped to the wood. The body lies in the house."

"And Mary?"

"Rests as well as kind attention can permit, in the room next to that which contains the body. You will come to-morrow, Frank, and soothe her sufferings—I know you will. Farewell! I must back and bury the carcass. Remember to-morrow! Ere any one could interpose, the old man had gone.

In order to restore the spirits of the party which were somewhat damped and diverted from their original hilarity by this unlooked for interruption, Washington, after a brief lapse of time, took from the breast pocket of his coat a curiously wrought and very valuable piece of jewelry, made in the form of a locket. It was of solid gold, inlaid with precious stones, and richly ornamented with quaint devices wrought by the purchaser. It bore no initials—no mark, which could indicate its ownership.

"I received this a few nights since," said the general, as he handed it to Sullivan, "from an unknown female."

"Unknown?"

"Ay! A thick veil covered her face, and a mass of drapery so concealed her form, that recognition was impossible."

"Did she not explain her motives for making such a beautiful and singular gift?" asked Green.

"To all my inquiries I could get no satisfactory answer. She would only tell me that one who admired my courage and my devotion (as she was pleased to term my poor adherence to the cause of liberty) to the interests of my country, would be gratified if I would accept the trinket, and forever wear it."

"Strange! utterly incomprehensible!" said Frank.

"Did you promise general?"

"Of course," replied Washington, jocosely; "what other course was left me?"

"Why none that I can see?" bluntly remarked

Putnam. "Only had I been in your place, the lady's lips should have borne away an evidence of a sort of seal to the treaty."

This was the signal of a peal of laughter, and a proposition to toast the fair donor. The jewel passed through every man's hands while the conversation general, who laid it to the side of his plate. He then directed the attention of the company to affairs concerning the welfare of the country. Drawing closely together, all were soon deeply engaged in discussing the question as to what should be the next movement of the army which was then 12,000 strong. The condition of the posts on Long Island; the position, numbers, intentions, etc., of the enlistment of a large body of militia, and kindred topics, formed subjects, for long, ardent, careful and anxious deliberation.

When argument and the formation of important plans had come to a conclusion, it wanted half an hour of midnight. All the guests prepared to depart. Frank Livingston was informed that, on the day after the morrow, he was to be despatched on a hazardous enterprise—ALONE, AND AS A SPY—into the most dangerous quarters of the enemy. His eyes sparkling with delight—for it was the only service he had been offered—he testified his gratitude, though not without an inward pang at the thought of his Mary's sufferings. Washington shook his hands warmly, implored a blessing on his head, and was about to lead to a place of egress, when he suddenly returned to the table, and with some trepidation searched it.

"What is it, general, that you look for?" inquired Frank.

"The jewel! the jewel!" answered Washington, nervously; "I have it not about me—I am sure I left it here; but now I cannot find it."

A long search did not discover the missing article, and strange looks began to appear upon the countenances of all present.

"Fire and furies!" shouted Putnam, after an awkward silence of some minutes; "let every man be searched. The trinket could not have walked out of the room, and I say some one must have it. Search me, and I will search the rest."

This proposition was objected to by none except Washington. Frank strangely preserved silence, and refused his assent.

"Come, Livingston," said the general, kindly—"Putnam meant no insult by this—and now I reflect, it were, after all, well his design were executed. There is a mystery here, and we must clear it up."

"I, for one—I perceive the only one—will not voluntarily submit to be searched," said Livingston firmly.

"Why?"

"I pledge my word and honor that the jewel is not in my possession. If my word is not sufficient guarantee of my honesty, I am unfit to live."

"Nay, but—"

Frank prevented his mother from finishing her speech by a vehement and determined gesture. The search proceeded.

"Well, then," said Washington, whose noble features assumed a stern gravity of expression, which never failed to terrify those that caused it, "here shall our intercourse end. Every man has been searched willingly. They are all officers, gentlemen, I trust—men whose high position is beyond yours. By your conduct you arm suspicion against yourself. Clear up this mystery, sir—exonerate yourself from the dark charges which could be brought against you, or you never see me more in the character of a friend."

The young man listened to this severe address with a quivering lip. His face was as pallid as that of a corpse, his knees shook, and his whole frame seemed to be agitated by the force of his emotions. Covering his face with both hands, he appeared lost in thought for a moment; then raising his features, which had settled into a fearfully immovable expression, he spoke—

"Let my mother leave the room, give me ink and paper, turn your backs upon me while I write, and the mystery shall vanish."

Silently the half-fainting mother placed the desired materials before him, and then bursting into an agony of tears, left the apartment, followed by Rose.

"Now," said the young man, as he lifted his pen, "each one here must pledge his honor that he will not look upon or approach me, until I signify a desire that he shall do so. Suddenly as my resolution has been formed, it is inflexible."

"I pledge my honor for every man here," said Washington.

"Enough."

In three minutes the paper was covered with written characters. The young man dropped upon his knees and murmured a brief prayer—a clicking sound was heard—a sudden sharp report, accompanied by a shrill shriek, followed—the group rushed to where they had left Frank Livingston, and found his bleeding corpse. The mother had entered the room with the speed of lightning, and lay, her hair dabbled in blood, swooning beside the remains of her boy.

"Horrible! horrible!" exclaimed Washington, as he raised the paper to read. "Listen! uncover all, and listen."

"Reverie me, if you will, now I am dead—I was a thief; but not in the instance you supposed. The old man who came here to-night has a daughter, who, when I am in the grave, will have no husband. They were without food, and it has been my custom to pilfer, while eating, from this table, on such occasions as this, whatever I could safely transport to her residence. This is why I could not be searched. On my person I found the evidence of my truth. Pray for me—I could not live to face the shame of the avowal."

FRANK LIVINGSTON.

It is needless to say that Mary—his Mary, was properly cared for, and that Mrs. Livingston never afterwards knew want. No kindness could restore life, and easy misery presided until death ended it, in "Kingsbridge cottage."

The day subsequent to the suicide, Washington found the jewel in his pocket, where he placed it with his "kerchief," which, in some unaccountable manner had concealed its presence. It is said that, at midnight, the hour when the desperate boy committed self-murder, Washington always prayed thereafter.

"I wish the ladies had the privilege of voting," said a politician the other day. "Why," said a bystander, "do you think your party would gain strength thereby?" "Not particularly," was the reply, "but it would be so interesting to electioneer then."

A son of the Emerald Isle, meeting a countryman whose face was not perfectly remembered, after saluting him, inquired his name. "Walsh," said the gentleman. "Walsh! Walsh!" said Paddy. "Are ye from Dublin? I know two old maids there of that name, was either of them your mother?"

A TRIFLE THAT MAY NOT BE A TRIFLE.

INTENDED FOR THOSE WHO THINK SO.

Half the grievances of the world arise from inattention to small matters. The sum of human happiness or misery is not made up of great actions or their results, but depend upon the aggregate bearing of the seeming trifles of the hour. The lack of the proper estimate of the importance of minute things induces a carelessness—a want of thought—a neglect of which few would be guilty, did they but rightly appreciate the important consequences of all actions.

"Call again," said a man of wealth to a humble purveyor of small luxuries, "I have no change with me."

It was no doubt true to the letter, but he had bank notes, and a few steps would have furnished the requisite trifle. It was a trifle to the wealthy purchaser, but was it the same to the poor vendor? It would not do for the latter to offend his customer by telling him he really wanted the few shillings, and could not wait his "more convenient season."

No—he must go home without the necessities for his family which were to have been purchased from the proceeds of his sale. The world would be happier if there were fewer instances of this evident want of thought, although they may not be very common. But the few that do occur occasion sufficient misery to call for a few remarks.

The fact of a demand being small instead of being an argument for instant settlement, is commonly regarded as an apology for delay. The loss of credit follows the protest of a note for hundreds, and the debtor will move heaven and earth in a small way to avert such a catastrophe.

But the same person will say "call again" to the dollar or two creditor, without the fear of consequences. It cannot affect his standing. It is so very a trifle that it can be paid at any time, and that is a reason for paying it at no particular time.

But the unreflecting man does not know but that his creditor's credit may go by the board through his procrastination, and that creditor's verbal promise to pay to his creditor, suffer a protest equally as fatal to his good standing as a bank accident to the other. There are some businesses too which are made up of small dealings and trifling credits. The printer's demands, for example, as a rule, seldom attain two figures in the dollar column. Just apply the "call again" system to him, and his paper manufacturer's bill will be about as slow as a Mississippi bond.

But the effect of the "call again" repulse tells hardest upon those who live by their daily labor. And its exercise may not operate upon one person or one family, but run through a score of families or individuals. If you could trace the dollar which you paid to a laborer in its travels for a few hours after it left your hands on Saturday evening, and note the debts it paid, and the purchases it made, you might have an idea of the disappointments which would have been occasioned by a "call again."—Such an insight into the machinery of life might induce a train of thought which would evolve the truth that the trifling due should be at least as rigidly binding upon your punctuality as the larger demand, even though it has assumed the form of a bank obligation. If it only takes such rank in your estimation, it will all be right. Then there will be no "unconsidered trifles," and all will see the weight of Napoleon's reply to the apologist for the neglect of what he was pleased to term "a trifle."—"Who talks of trifles? There are no such things in the world!"

[Roundout Freeman.]

CONTEMPT OF COURT.

An amusing incident occurred in a court room, some years since, in one of the back counties of Missouri. The court was seated, and a cause about to be tried. Now, his honor the judge was a man well stricken in years, yet he could ride a race, shoot a rifle, and shuffle and deal as well as the "next man," and he who presumed to trifle with the dignity of "the court" on these occasions, generally suffered some.

Well as I was saying, "his honor" was seated and a cause about to be commenced, when, in a voice of thunder, the sheriff proclaimed silence. There was a pause: the judge looked up and saw an elderly man near the lawyer's table who had not yet uncovered his head. The court could not brook such disrespect to the ermine, its dignity was assailed, and his honor called out in the authoritative tone—

"Mr. Sheriff, remove that man's hat!"

That functionary, who had until now stood in a corner leaning upon his rifle, stepped up and politely knocked off the offender's hat with his numerous weapon; whereupon Mr. Badger, (Badger was the offender's name) seized not the sheriff, but the hat, and clapping it upon his head exclaimed—

"Judge, I'm bald!"

"Mr. Sheriff," said the indignant court, "we instruct you again to remove Mr. Badger's hat from his head."

The order was instantly executed, and no sooner done than Mr. Badger replaced the hat on his head a second time, again insisting that he was bald.

The offended judge now waxed warm, and, rising up in his seat, ordered the clerk to enter a fine of five dollars for contempt of court, and to be committed until the fine was paid.

Mr. Badger was thunderstruck! He deliberately walked up to the bench, and laying down a half dollar before his honor, in a solemn manner thus gave his views of the matter to the law's expounder:

"Your sentence, Judge, is most ungentlemanly—but the law is imperative, and I reckon I'll have to stand it; so here is 'four bits,' and the four dollars and a half that you owed me when we stopped playing 'poker' this morning, just makes us square."

DESTROYED BY HONESTY. A gentleman telling a lady that an apothecary of her acquaintance had failed, and was obliged to shut up shop; she inquired the cause, to which the gentleman replied—"He was so honest a man, that instead of his loading his patients with medicines he advised them to take *patience*, *air*, and of course lost the profit which would have arisen from the sale of his drugs."

"Poor man," said the lady, "he is indeed to be pitied—he cannot live on air, though his patients may."

A GOOD ANSWER. Through mistake, a gentleman in the South of Ireland led off the dance at a country ball out of his turn. The person appointed to the post of honor challenged the intruder and received the following reply: "Sir, I cannot understand why, because I open a ball at night, a ball should open *me* in the morning."

Said a fellow, when he kissed the old lady by mistake, "why is that like a short gun?—Because it's a blunder buss."

Why is a dog who sees thieves over the fence, like a small particle? Because he's atom (at 'em).

Why is hydrophobia like bravery? Because it's cur rage (courage.)

New Arrangement.

Railroad Line for Portland and Boston.

THE STEAMER HUNTERS, Capt. D. BLANCHARD, will further notice, will leave Steamboat Wharf, Portland, on MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, and FRIDAYS, at 9 o'clock A.M., and will arrive in Boston at 8 o'clock A.M., and will leave Boston at 8 o'clock A.M., and will arrive in Portland at 8 o'clock A.M.

Passengers and freight taken or left at any of the depots between Portland and Boston.

Fares—From Portland to Boston, \$2.00; From Boston to Portland, 1.50; Meals, 1.50; Extra, 1.00.

C. G. BACHELDER, Agent.

Hallowell, June 10, 1846.

Fire!

THE Maine Mutual Fire Insurance Company, having obtained the amount required by the act of incorporation, commenced issuing Policies on the 21st inst. WATSON F. HALLET is chosen secretary of the company, and all communications will be addressed to him, at Augusta, where the office will be kept. They are now prepared to take risks on all kinds of property on as favorable terms as any other company.

JAMES DINSMORE, Pres. of Co. BENJ. DAVIS, Sec. at Augusta. 3640

Abdominal Supporters.

NEW ENGLAND TRUSS MANUFACTORY.

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER continues to manufacture all the various approved TRUSSES, at his old stand, No. 305 Washington street, opposite No. 264, entrance in Temple Avenue, Boston, where he has been for the last ten years—and his residence and business being both in the same building, he can be seen at home nearly the whole of the time, day or evening. He has most room and better conveniences for the Truss business than any other person engaged in it in this city or any other.

Also—Abdominal Supporters for Prolapsus Uteri; Trusses for Prolapsus Ani; Suspensory Bands; Knee Bands; Back Bands; Stretched Slings for deformed feet; Trusses repaired at one hour's notice, and often times made to answer as well as new. The subscriber having worn a truss himself for the last twenty-five years, and fitted so many for the last ten years, feels confident in being able to suit all cases that may come to him.

Convex Straps, Dr. Chase's trusses, formerly sold by Dr. Leech; trusses of galvanised metal that will not rust, having wooden and copper pads; Read's Patent Truss; Knell's do; Salmon's Ball and Socket; Sherman's patent French do; Bateman's do, double and single; Stone's Trusses; also trusses for children, of all sizes. Master's truss; Dr. Hall's do; Thompson's Elastic do; and the Shaker's Rocking trusses, may be had at this establishment. Whispering tubes and ear trumpets, that will enable a person to converse low with one that is hard of hearing.

All Ladies in want of Abdominal Supporters or trusses, waited on by his wife, Mrs. CAROLINE D. FOSTER, who has had ten years' experience in the business.

Certificates.

From Dr. John C. Warren, of Boston.—Having had occasion to observe that some persons afflicted with hernia have suffered much from the want of skilled trussmen in accommodating trusses to the peculiarities of their cases, I have taken pains to inform myself of the competency of Mr. J. F. Foster, to supply the deficiency occasioned by the death of Mr. Beath. After some months of observation of his work, I am satisfied that Mr. Foster is well acquainted with the manufacture of these instruments and ingenious in accommodating them to the variety of cases which occur. I feel myself called upon to recommend him to my professional friends, and to the public, as a person well fitted to their wants in regard to these important articles.

From Dr. Robbins, Roxbury.—Since the death of Mr. John Beath, I have used, in preference to all other trusses, those made by Mr. J. F. Foster of Boston.

F. G. ROBBINS, M. D.

From Dr. Greene, Boston.—I have sent many persons to be fitted with trusses and abdominal supporters by Jas. F. Foster, and he has uniformly given full satisfaction in his application.

The benefit of such instruments is often lost, in consequence of their imperfect construction, and from neglect in properly fitting them; on this account I am in the habit of sending patients to Mr. Foster, confidently believing that he will give them a good article, and see that they are well fitted.

H. B. C. GREEN, M. D.

Boston, April 27, 1846.—The undersigned is familiar with the ability of Mr. J. F. Foster, to manufacture trusses, the various kinds of supporters and other apparatus required by invalids, and fully believes that Mr. Foster is a person whose work will favorably compare with that of other artists.

J. V. C. SMITH, Ed. of Boston Medical Journal.

Boston, October, 1846.

He is the True Philanthropist.

WHO seeks to alleviate and relieve human suffering, who tries to relieve the physical or moral, and if any one in community is deserving of gratitude, it is he. You may show your good feelings to such an one, as also your respect and love of health—which surely are valuable possessions—by reading and diffusing the knowledge of our *Friend*, and by using the *Friend* for the relief of the most distressing diseases that have ever been discovered for the cure of all eruptive diseases, and successful by a parallel, in the cure of *Salt Rheum*, *Scalding*, *St. Anthony's Fire*, *Erysipelas*, *St. Vincent's*, *White Scald*, *Itch*, *Scabies*, *Worms*, *Pruritus*, *Itch*, and all humors, internal or external.

This medicine is recommended with perfect confidence for such affections, if only timely, patiently and perseveringly used. It is not a specific, nor is it a remedy, but it gives a remedy, and it is a remedy that is desired by all who are afflicted with any of the above named complaints, and a cure as certain as any curative in the hands of man.

Will you, then, friends, be so good as to send your address to the undersigned, and also benefit the proprietor, by using the means so plainly placed in your way?

For sale by J. E. Ladd, and Horace Waters, Augusta; H. J. Sebek, Cal. Hall, H. Smith & Co., Gardiner; William Dyer, Waterville; O. W. Washburn, China; A. H. Abbott, South China; and by many other agents in various towns in this and the adjoining States.

Augusta, Nov. 13, 1845.

NO DECEPTION!

NOT a week passes away without we have to record some of the most astonishing cures of curing continued asthma, incipient consumption, bleeding at the lungs, difficulty of breathing, and the various diseases to which the lungs and throat are subject, by *POLGER'S OLEOANTHIN* or *ALL-HEALING BALSAM*. It has proved itself to be the best medicine in your lungs, and the people. Thousands have already tested its virtues, and have never found it to fail in curing the diseases for which it is recommended. Nor do they have to wait long in order to know whether it will be productive of good effects, as they are assured that if one bottle produces no good effects upon the sufferer, twenty bottles will not, and it is not therefore necessary that they should spend their money in vain.

Beware of a SLIGHT COUGH. Although it is passed over as unimportant,